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1917

# You're the Rose in My Garden of Love

Howard T Googins  
*Composer*

Ernest B Orne  
*Lyricist*

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# YOU'RE MY ROSE IN THE GARDEN OF LOVE

BALLAD



POEM BY  
ERNEST B. ORNE

MUSIC BY  
HOWARD T. GOOGINS

THE ORNE PUB. CO.  
PORTLAND, MAINE

Verne.  
CO 1266  
Good

Bagaduce Music  
Lending Library  
Blue Hill, Maine

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# "You're the Rose in My Garden of Love"

ERNEST B. ORNE

HOWARD T. GOOGINS

Tempo di Valse

VOICE

PIANO

*f con espress*

*sva*

1. June-time has brought back the blos - soms sweet, In - to love's won - drous bower, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Sum-mer's soft mag - ic has brought a - gain, Hap - pi - ness, dear, un - told; \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

Vi - o - let fac - es smile at your feet, Whis - pering of love's mystic power; \_\_\_\_\_  
 Once more the birds sing their sweet re - frain, While soft - ly the ros - es un - fold, \_\_\_\_\_

Soft sun-beams shine with a ten - der gleam, On flow - ers of ev - 'ry hue, \_\_\_\_\_ Yet  
 There is a path that will lead us true, Un - to a place di - vine, \_\_\_\_\_

none but the ros-es could ev - er seem To com-pare, dear-est heart, with you;  
Where in the twi-light I first met you, Un-to our hearts a shrine.

## CHORUS

You are the rose in love's gar - den, dear, My rose queen so won - drous fair,

*con molto espress*

With-out you, dear, 'twould seem so drear, 'Tis Heav-en be-cause you are there;

Of all the flow-ers the world may hold, Ca-ressed by the sun-shine a - bove,

*cresc.* You are the fair-est, the sweetest, the rar-est, *ten.* You're the rose in my gar-den of love. *ten.*

*cresc.*

# WHEN ITS SUMMERTIME WAY DOWN IN DEAR OLD MAINE

ROBERT B. GRIFF

HOWARD T. GOODWIN

*Andantino*

Through all the dreamy way - ter - time I've dreamt of sum - mer days, And if a dear old home way down is  
I see the dear old meadow where I strolled beneath the pine, And the bridge across the rip - ping

Maine, I can hear the song birds call - ing and their sweet tones seem to say, We  
still, I can see the quiet old home - stead where the sun - set - tles shine, There

now you and me wait for each a - gain, I seem to hear the old church bells in  
per - fume wafted to us - give round me still, give - hark to, in old days their chime

ten - der sweet new chime, Just as they did in hap - py days of yore, They  
by the fire - side, The dear - est friend in all the world was there, They

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